Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet?*

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. *Ergo*, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy th
that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall thinke o
Launcelet the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Marge*
mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be
Launcelet, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood
might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou h
on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horſe has

Launc. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins t
ward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile t
face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doſ
ſter agree, I have brought him a preſent; how

Launc. Well, well, but for mine own part,
reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have r
my Maſter's a very Iewe, give him a preſent, g
am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every
my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give
one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede gives rare n
ſerve not him, I will runne as farre as God has
fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, f
ſerve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or tw

Baſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted
dy at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe
put the Liveries to making, and deſire *Gratian*
my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with

Gob. Heere's my Sonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iew
ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one w

Laun. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I
have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.